Allan A. King,
U. S. N.

To A. A. Crane - U. S. N.

To
A. Shipple, U. S. Navy

David W. Hibbs.
Third " Crew.

1923
1865
5

David Whipple.
Third Crew.
U. S. S. Constitution.
Annapolis.
Maryland
March. 7th 1867.

5 Bilgeot

W. S. Ferrish
Croton
Michigan

6 S. G. Raine
Bangor Me.

2
Crew
1st Part

2
J. J. Shulm
Hopkinsville
Kentucky

turned back

A. Kiehman
Iowa

3 turned back

F. H. Gentsch
New Philad.
Ohio.

4 Bilgeot
Calculator

A. A. Crane
Alameda
California

7 Armorial

Wm. G. Ward
Brooklyn
N.Y.

8 W. Leiff
Philada
Pa.

9 E. Cockham
Ottawa
Illinois

turned back

M.D.Hyde

14 Bilged
Horace G. Russell
Pawtucket
R.I.

15
turned back
Gustavus Hanus
Mineral point
Wis

2
Crew
2nd Part

11
K. Niles
Illinois
Belleville
11

13
Geo. R. Hills
Hartford
Conn

10
M. E. Hall
Washington
D. C
8th crew.
E. C. Weld
Trenton N. J.

12
Bilged
George Warren
Portland
Maine

16
Lewis G. Pfeiffer
Castine
Pennsylvania

18
turned back
Edward P. Hanus
Philadelphia
Penna

17
disrated
A. A. King
Dayton
Ohio

Midn. Locker

Midn Byron H. Miller & Wm T. Wood. And A.A. King were put in Coventry and obliged to stand 4 hours daily guard until further orders for taking French leave and going out in town.

Dec 19th 1865

I was placed in solitary confinement in Room No. 9 of the guard room for refusing to obey the Commandant's orders. A.A. King

Dec 23rd 1865

Dec 24th 1865

Still in solitary confinement. Midn. Stephens was placed in Solitary confinement for refusing to obey orders given him by Lieut Comdr Miller.

The evening of the same day Midn. Wood & Miller broke out of guard over recitation hall and went out in town. Midn Stephen also broke out of the guard room and went in town returned 11 30 P.M.

Christmas Dec 25th 1865

Still in confinement = Midn Stephens was again placed in solitary confinement = Midn Stephens and King all were detected smoking in their rooms by Lt-Comdr Miller

"Midn Locker."

Christmas Day Con

Midn Stephens remaned from this Ward room and confined on board the Savanah in her Ward Room

Midn Miller Btt. And Wood W. S. Remaned from Guard room and confined in the same place for running away from the sentry and going out in town.

"Midshipmans Alphabet-"

A stands for Academy (naval ofcourse)
B stands for Blydenburg belle And Ben
whose manifold virtues I cant write with a pen
C stands for Coffin (whom by Johnny we know)
As a Yankee from Maine but should be below
D. stands for Dixon who I'm inclined to
believe knows little of Ethics and is gouged by
all plebes
E stands for empty which is never the case
With the "guard room," the brig or any other quiet place
F. stands for "forage" as well as "forag"
Known only to oldsters for many a day
G. stands for "Guard room" a large airy place
Where "Mason" retires from the world a short space
H. stands for Hall a victual well known
To all luckless "plebes" who come here to bone.
I stands for island a nice acre patch
Made merry of nights when there's no one to watch
J. stands for Jenkins - who departed this life
In a quarrel with Coffin bothe he and his wife
K stands for true Kearney a man of great
fame Where one cannot "gouge" and get caught
at the game
L stands for Lull a man of great base
Who reads every Middie by the mould of his face
M stands for Marion often called Guy
Noted for running the Marion into the mud
N stands for Navy the pride of the land.
O stands for Omnipotent - namely the league the
joy of Politicians and fear of all plebes.

6

"Modn Alphabet – Continued"

A stands for quarintine of different kinds
as plebes with out milk most certainly find
R stands for Ragers so mighty & great
He left the Academy for his country to fight –
S. stand for Sankee a ship of the school
But a heaven for plebes in escapeing our rules
T. stands for town a place that I see as
often as blackberries grow in the sea.
U. stands for useless which is now the case
To teach plebes in ranks to come to a face
V. stands for uchuds which at the present
time are supplied by old swan of a very bad kind
W stands for Warren the chief of the league who
invented the portugese pump for all plebes
X stands for tendoxy and the silts. have
been administered to plebes on Saturday nights.
Y – stands for Youngster of them a great
many of milk twist and potatoes scarcely get
any
Z stands for "Zero" of Johnys creation
We oft get one for a bad recitation

Jan 24th '16 Examined in Levy.

"Bilging Anthems."

See the infernal board approaching
"New Johny" seated on his throne
Now poor Widdis now lamenting
Stand and hear thy awful doom
Bugle calls the

" " "
Stand and hear thy awful doom

See the words he now is uttering
Filled with hypocritical paine
While in anguish thus lamenting
That you have no chance again
Deeply moaning
" " " "
That you have no chance again

Yonder sits the sainted Joseph
Mark his marks of "bilging lore"
Oh that I had bootlicked faror
When I saw his pencil more

Now poor Widdis look and tremble
"Joseph," "Johny" and you must part
Louder than a clap of thunder
Hear that awful word depart
"Bilged for ever"
"Bilged for ever"
Hear that awful word depart

The last Section

Down into Hibbens room marched
The last Section
Gougers tremble in there boots.
Fearing detection.
Thanks and cows will not avail
Though they curse and though the mail
Hibben is at the tail
Of the last Section

Take the board old Hibben cries
To the last Section
To his place each gouger flies
Muttering dissatisfaction

Glances over the shoulder thrown
Then the tasks are mutter'd down
By the last Section

Hibben now in triumph grins
At the last Section
Close inspects each topic through
Lest it needs correction
Exp: "H" Oh! let me see
There is an A should be a G.
A little careful try to be
In the last Section

Now "Mr" read what you have
And listen well last Section
Hum-scales-D. in all your word
Last I face the least correction

"The Last Section" Song.

Take your seat - stop there awhile
And let - an other take your place
You'll leave full soon with much disgrace
This - ha - ha Last - section.

There is the bugle the last next time
For the Last section
Will he to find what fractions are
And the angle of reflection
Nibbler here put up his paw
What a pain afflict my jaw
Leader from the room with drawn
All the last - section

Nibbler now his last - serious
of the last - section
By marks between 100 & 100 run
To show them his affection
We & We I do detest -
I'll give them 100 as for the rest
Why boys will do them I guess
But only the last section.

"Inside Stuff"

I believe in Mr Shermount-maker of Freeanomely and in his followers S.O.B.'s forever who was born in the state of Maine suffered under the yoke of college descended into Annapolis and now sits on the right-hand of Admiral Paster yudge of the proficient and the deficient. I also believe in the holy and horse the holy academic board the erasing demerits and the passing of the final examination

A Legend of the Mess Hall

Should you ask me whence these stories
Whence these tough stories of provision
With the odor of strong butter
With the taste of chalk and water
With the groans of starving middies
Starving slowly starving daily
I should answer I should tell you
From the mess Hall from the table
From the mouths of hungry robbie
Vainly crying for good victuals
Vainly crying for more rations
Cursing, steward, – boys, – contractors,
From experience, I should tell you
Twenty dollars to I plunder
For my victuals, buy and bundle
But the stuffs not worth a doc you
Stuff I would not feed a dog on
Every Tuesday every Thursday
We have fresh pork at our places
Quickly naming with knife and fork
Tell the boy to get more pork
Off he goes like a cat in a corner
Soon comes back with pork, all gone sir!
Then we eat our pork in silence
Solemn still and awful silence
For we know there's none forthcoming
Hence what need of grumbling
Then we think of bread and butter
Staff of life of food for mother
But why this movement – tremendous – why this
Why this sign of strange emotion

Legand of the Mess Hall Con!
Hark I heard or rather fancied
Yes tis so the butter's rancid
Call the man behind the counter
Tell him to come instanter
Steward says a lot or more sir
Of this butter is in store sir
I think by bilge it must be wet sir
Surely it cant be rancid yet sir.
Only a year ago last fall sir
Was this butter bought with money
And now I'm sure it cant be wasted
Try it once you have not tasted
True it is that swan cant sell it
And put the money in his pocket
There but one road that he will take
Save his money when he cant make it
I know its strange but I cant help it
Mr Swan says that you must eat it
Then we turn our tearful eyelids
Round to see what we can mangle
Oh! the suffering Oh! the anguish
Oh! the pains within our stomachs
Suffering caused by rancid butter
Oh! the marks upon our faces
Caused by damaged worthless victuals
But I must make another canto
When the sorrows all relate
Still but half unfold our anguish
Nor could pen or ink describe it

The Royal Yacht Club

Come listen to my ditty
And a song to you I'll sing
About four and twenty Yachting boats
All anchored in a ring
It was the Royal Yacht Club
The Queen of Englands Pride
The pride of all the Yachting boats
That ever sailed the Clyde

Chorus
Then where did she come from
Who is her Capt Old Dick Brown
Then its where did she come from
Who is her Capt Old Dick Brown

Twas on a summer morning
And the sun was shining bright
When a noble looking schooner
Came wing and wing in sight
Then its where did she come from
No one of them could say
For no one thought so small a craft
Came from America

Then on she came so lightly
As a bird upon the wing
And roundly to as nicely
Came to anchor in the ring
Her stern presents an eagle spread
From blue side to port the red-gray sort
And this was the only ornament

The Royal Yacht-Club

At length the royal yacht-club
Began to smell a rat
Some thought her some pumpkins
others thought her more than that
Till interchanging visits
it became a plain as day
That she was brother Johnathans
"Old America"

At length our noble Captain
A challenge did indite
He challenged the bold Frenchmen
As fair as he could write
He told the noble Britons
He could run his "Yankee Yacht"
against schooners, Steamers, Cutters,
The size he cared not what:

The regatta being opened
To Yachts of all creation
And we the only Yankee there
To represent the Nation.
We entered with some forty Yachts
And sailed around the Nabs
And beat the fastest of them all
As a dolphin would a crab

"The Royal Yacht Victoria" Cont.

The ~~Queen~~ sun was bright the Queen was there
To glorify the sight
There were nobles in yachts and yachts
All around the Isle of Wight
The signal being given
Need I stop to tell the story.
Poor John Bull was left behind
Lamenting over his glory.

It fired the heart of poor John Bull
And raised his native pride.
Says he I'll bet ten thousand pounds
I'll find this very night.
That in sailing twenty knots and back
Will beat this Yankee Doodle.
Or I will tell the world.
I am a beaten Noodle.

"The Dreadnought"

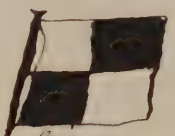
Says a saucy little jacket to a packet of fame
She belongs in New York and the Dreadnought her name
She's bound for the west where the strong winds blow
Bound away in the Dreadnought to the west

The day of our sailing
Is now drawing nigh
Farewell pretty Mary
I'll now bid you good by
Farewell to old England
And all we hold dear
Bound away in the Dreadnought

"The Dreadnought" Song.

The dreadnoughts a landing
Out of Waterloo dock
And the boys and the girls to the pier
Will do flock.
Hey! give them three cheers
While the tears down do flow
Round us in the Dreadnought
To the westward we'll go

The Sailor's Signal



My dear that horrid signal down
Too oft has it cared on high
And many a Mid has cursed to see
That banner in the sky

High winds in Tropical Climates.

June — too soon.
July — stand by
August — look to your Mast
September — Remember
October — all over

Special crew Sailor

1st Capt — Midn A.A. King.
who presides and has one wall
of very soft twist
2nd Capt — Wm T. Wood — who makes
the punch and drinks all the milk
Simon Miller who composes the crew
said is not remains dull not half of that.

"Ready About."

Silence cries the first-Lieut.
Quartermaster clear the pennant.
Stations fore and aft the cries.
Lee tack and sheets, all clear to use.
Ready! Ready! Helms alee!.
Round she moves now boat-to sea
Mizzen top men to your places.
Hand the weather mizzen weather braces.
Haul taut-Mainsail and aft-sheet.
Mainsail haul! round with upper-sail
Hold on each weather topsail brace
Shift the jibs & jibs boom in place.
Head braces! haul taut-! let go & haul
Over haul the fore lift and fall.
Round the fore yard point well aft
Trim your upper yard there forward.
Keep your luff well to windward.
Man tack and sheet-let go the gear
Maintop see the braces clear
Haul taut the lifts and weather braces.
Strike 8 bells and take your places.
Strike 8 bells and heave the log.
Call the watch and pipe to grog.

Simons.

"The Navy"

I came a young plebian.
With just a dozen shirts.
With a face unknown to whiskers.
and a pack stuff of shirts (repeat)

On knowledge I was bent sir
I'm learning I did start
to the land of uncle sent sir.
I've see the Elephant.
This animal is some sir.
I scrutinized him through
from trunk to tip of tail sir;
I'd rather think I did sir.

Oh the Navy is the place sir,
for pilot and run
I've put years take your ease sir.
Beat when you are done

Old Annapolis now I leave you
to breast the waves of life.
I'm going to serve my country.
and spend a pretty life.

When I get into the navy
and count my many hours.
I'll send them to the lady
to tell of its unknown joy

A Day on board a Man of War.
Morning Salutation

Oh whose my pants cries Billy Bowlas
All the sheet anchor there you stove
Who broke my pipe I wish he'd [illegible]
Now lively with your hammocks [illegible]

"Lashing up"

Cursing cravving up they go
Master at Arms hurry those hammocks below
Oh yes do tell get off my bools.
Oh you bloody great young mate by jot
There laughing and cursing with many a pack
Swearing and grumbling up the ladder they go
The Hammocks lashed seven turns complete
Soon all are stowed quite [illegible]

Sailor's Special Grog.
Rum — H. P. Porter — Allsop —
Backie &c.
Night Hymn Hacker [illegible]
Surnamed — Satan
Tiller [illegible]
Special Colours [illegible]

A pack of cards and
A [illegible] of cigars.
For three

"Wearing of the Green"

Oh Paddy dear and did you hear
The news that's going round
The Shamrock is forbid by law
To grow on Irish ground
No more St Patricks day we'll keep
His color can be seen
For there's a bloody law against
The wearing of the green
I met with Napper Tandy
And he took me by the hand
And says he how's old Ireland
And how does she stand
She's the most distressful country
That ever yet was seen
They're hanging men and women now
For wearing of the green

Chorus.

For wearing of the green my boys
For wearing of green.
They're hanging men and women now
For wearing of the green

Then since the color we must wear
Is England's cruel red
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget
The blood that they have shed
You may take the Shamrock from your hat
And cast it on the sod

It will take root and flourish there
Though under foot its trod
When Law can keep the blades of grass.
From growing as they grow
And when the leaves in summer time
Their verdure dare not show
Then I'll change the color
I wear in my
But till that day please god I stick
To wearing of the green

Chorus.

But if a last the color showed
Be torn from Irelands heart
Her sons will with shame and sorrow
From the dear old land we part
I've heard whispered of a country
That lies beyond the sea
Where rich and poor stand equal in
The light of freedoms day
Oh then must we leave you driven
By the Tyrants hand
Must we ask a welcome from
A strange but happier land
Where the cruel cross of Englands
Throaldom never shall be seen
And where thank god we'll live and die
Still wearing of the green

From the Sensation Drama
of Arrah na Pogue

"The midn Leave Song"

1st

Come all ye gallant - middies and anchor in a row
We'll sing a song of liberty - we're going on furlough

Chorus

We're going, We're going
We are going for to go
We will sing a song of Liberty
We're going on a furlough

2nd

We will take tobacco freely
And pass the grog around
We will have a jolly time to night -
Before we're homeward bound

Chorus

We are going &c

3rd

Our sweet-hearts waiting for us
With eyes are flowing with tears
To welcome us back home again
From an absence of two years

4th

We will clasp them to our bosoms.
Box-haul and square again.
Salute them fast and starboard
Broad sides fore in like main

5th

And next there comes sharpshooting
With eyes so soft and brown
She leaves and goes a-sailing
Ah states his down his down.

Midshipmans Leave Song

6th

Now put your helm astarboard
And run your bowsprit athwart her
Then throw your grapplings irons aboard
And close up on her quarter

7th

Now well your main clew garnets
And well your spanker sheets
Haul down your jib and flying jib
And clew up all your sails

8th

Now put your helm a starboard
And when she comes to port
Then put your helm amidships
Now steady thats the sort

9th

With head upon her bosom
Her stern rocks to and fro
With head upon her bosom
Mad with delight - we go

Finis

"The Middie and his buttons."

1st

I heard the band play
Oh the music was so sweet.
And I ran to the window
As they came down the street.
I peeped through the blinds.
And the sight made me giddy.
For gladden my ~~sight~~ eyes ~~with~~
With the sight of a Middie.

2nd

Oh the anchors were so radiant
And the buttons were so bright.
And my heart beats quickly as
When I think of that sight.
For after in a corner
Where no captain could see
Was a gay and jolly Middie
Throwing kisses at me.

3rd

He met me on the cliff his buttons so bright
He called me his beauty I blushed with delight
He knew me at once I could tell by his talk.
And smoothly he smiled when he asked me to walk
And the sweet words he spoke I shall never forget
I was happy as a bird and I guess so was he
My dear young Middie stealing kisses from me.

4th

But he has gone from my sight
And I see him no more.
But I think of him often
And the buttons he wore.

The Mickie and his Buttons Can.
4th con.

And I dream all the night:-
I talked all the day
Of my love for a Mickie
So gallant and gay
Written by A Newport Young Lady
Dedicated to the Mickie of the U.S.N.A.

Time's

"A. Midshipman"
1st

You may guess I'm a Mid well the fact is I can
And perhaps this evening you are trying to scan
In the midst of blue jackets with anchors so fine.
The one who is guilty of this miserable rhyme
But find me or not I'm now going to say
And I've been aching to do so for many a day
That between Mickies at home and Mickies abroad
That is a very great difference not easily ignored.

2nd

And what I ask when you see us again
And when you are tempted to hardly exclaim
Oh how pleasant it is to be in your place
A Mickie so grand with anchors and lace
To remember behind this there much that is untold
But which tis my task to presently unfold
Which when I've done you will never confuse
A blue jacket with any thing doomed to cruise

"A Midshipman" Gow.

3rd

Behold the candidate with apt in pocket-
He enters his name proudly on the Admt docket
His eye sets with pride on the great institution
Which has upheld its good name in the late revolution
His mind wanders to the period when he
Is a member of the much wished for Naval Academy
When beneath its broad roof he will take his abode
And have passed over a position of a very hard road

4th

He is found fit for service has well qualified
He repairs to the wharf where the Fanny is tied
With a heart-bealing high he leaves land behind
And boards the school ship with a very free mind
He's assigned a locker with Hammock to suit
And books that his ideas can soon learn without
So pat in a crew is sent to a mess
Oh its certainly fine how can it be less

5th

The drum beats for dinner he falls into line
Where perhaps twenty others are stationed to shine
His captain salutes him with a very great show
Will you look to the right sir and turn out your toe
For this kind remark he looked whom to thank
[illegible] to the right sir you in the rear rank
Until he the poor fellow goes adrift with despair
And thinks that he is treated unfair.

"A. Midshipman" Con.

6th "

These troubles all over and the day finished
His taste for the navy has greatly diminished
When he's shown the affair in which he's to sleep
He wonders how in it he ever will keep
Hung up at both ends with a beautiful swing
And a small coil of rope to tie up the thing
When rudely from sleep the drummer does call.
And the Boatswain salutes him with a very loud bawl

7th "

He endeavors to get in class for his nose
Or bumps on the Deck make the place where it was
What was the thing turn Oh Dear shall fall.
And soon for assistance he loudly does call.
At last he is fixed and we leave him to rest
His luck of the day has been none of the best.
But he thinks naught of this in his dreams he is free.
And fondly anticipates his going to sea.

6th "

The next day in section he is called to recite
And with heart very faint and cheeks very white
He takes up his stand to make his debut
"First a problem in something" What are you to do.
Oh, Oh ahem that is. No sir you are not.
Is it possible sir you can have forgot.
Stand up erect sir heels on the same line.
You must obey regulations in a section of nine.

A Midshipman's Son.

9th

"Sections dismissed" Thank heaven for that—
For I certainly must have appeared very flat—
And close up Mr Kinny I saw in the report of conduct
No excuse — Two demerits follow in battle array
To the daily report read out the next day
'Tis a page in his life he often repeats.
When the sight of an Officer his timid eye greets.

10th

Suppose our young hero to have lived out a year
Passed examinations and all without having to fear
That he is deficient: And let us peruse.
A hurried account of his first practice cruise.
Tis a very fine thing all this going to sea.
If a very good sailor you happen to be.
But it's very unpleasant when one has to pick
A very good place to be jolly sea sick.
He's taught how 11th

to reef to hand and to steer.
And other things to which are not quite so clear
He goes very nicely on extremely hard tack.
And such very nice pork He wishes he was back
Where in quiet and peace he'll be able to eat
Without any moment being knocked off his seat—

Moore - Odes of Anacreon

Cupid once upon a bed
Of roses laid his sleepy head;
Slyly the urchin not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee

A broken cake with honey sweet
Is all my spare and simple meat
And while a generous bowl I crown
To float my little banquet down
I take the soft ~~and~~ the amorous lyre
And sing of lovely heavenly fire:
In mirthful measures warm and free
I'll sing dear maid and sing to thee

Song of the Fish

It was a fine evening
When all fish did agree
To charter a ship an
And put out to sea

Then up jumped the "Eel"
With his slippery tail
He jumped up aloft a
And loose all sail

Then up jumped the "Salmon"
With his crooked back
He jumps in amidships
And sheets them all aback

Then up jumps the "Herring"
With his crooked bone
He jumps in amidships
And sheets them all home

Then up jumps the "Herring"
The King of the Sea
He sings on the Ship
And says He has A "Lee"

Then up jumps the Herring
The King of the sea

"Continued"

Then up jumps the "Whale"
The largest of all
He jumps on the quarter deck
And sing main Sail hoo

Then up jumped the "Cat fish"
With his Crooked head
Jumps in the chains
Takes a leave at the Lead"

Then up jumps the Thunder
Right flat from the Ground
Says dimmed your eyes how
Think you do you sound

Then up jumps the Black Fish
As black as a Rock
Says if you are hove up
I'll Ship for a Cock

Then up jumps the Shark
With his sharp teeth
Calls all hands to quarters
And pipes out the Reef

Finis

Conundrums:

Why is a cable like a lady's neck?
ans" When it is a little Bare (Bear")

Why is a lifting shirt like a blacksmith shop
ans" Because both "flat" "Tan" "Calves" are seen therein

Why is a cider keg like the earth"
ans, Because there is something better below

Why is the neck of a low necked dress
like a lady like the constellation Cancer
ans Because it is very near the milky way.

1st Biler - 2nd Bordr
Norton Ch.
2nd Biler 1st Bordr
Jones E.G.
Captain of Tigers
Crane J.A.
Stand by to board
"Tiger Cubs - board
Shut Alone"

"Respectfully dedicated
To
Chimney "Well"

The following is a copy of the description of one that had to be taken to get my dimensions for a jacket

Length 20½ B 31½ W 28. "Pidgeon Breasted"

Remarks

"Last jacket was made 2½ of an inch too short in the waist [illegible] Bought [illegible]"

"Tall" "Slim" "Long shoulders"

Date	Conduct Report	Reported by	Decision	Guard
	Slow on drill,	Sergeant	not accept	1½
Feb 2d	Sleep at guard, formation	Midwinter	accept	0
" "	Insubordinate at guard	— " —	not accept	½
" "	Slow on guard	" Southworth	not accept	—
" "	On Gundlet without permission	Kinnard	accept	0
Feb 4th	Vamoose on Gundlet after tattoo	— " —	accept	0
" 5th	Leaving quarters without permission	Lefavor	not accepted	3.
" 8th	Absent from study formation	— " —	accept	0.
" 9th	Absent Guard formation	Miller	accepted	
Feb 6th	to Sea coat at sick report inn	Lt Con	accepted	
" "	Out during morning studies	" " "	accepted	

"March."

Conduct Report of Corp. Whipple.

Date	Conduct Report	Reported by	Decision	Guard
March 1st	Late in [illegible]	Sergt. [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
" "	[illegible]	[illegible]	1½	
" 2d	[illegible]	" "	[illegible]	
" 4th	[illegible]	[illegible]	½	
" 10th	[illegible]	[illegible]	accepted.	
" 13th	Allowing stamping in Cent, evening studies.	Wm. Hunter.		

Lento.

On could indeed
On could dance a reel,
Or on reaint twice,
And we danced around.

Cantabile.

Often have I gaid thee
Faithless as the summer sun,
And whenever we met
Shall we have to part again?

Edw. C. Weld,
Trenton,
N. J.

W. C. Negley Butler Co.

M. D. Hyde.
Olympia
W. T.

Henry Hawley
Memphis
Tenn
Jany 16th 1866

Dr. de Bonz
Bontonia
Indiæ "Malabar" Mrs.

1st verse

Calm on the deep! the heavy Sail
Hangs pipeless on the mast;
The Sea, without a single gale,
Appears to sleep at last.
And gazing in its face the Sun
Looks down with [illegible] light
Till, as we can sketch, his one
Rich mirror hangs in sight

2nd verse

"Autographs"

U. S. Constitution

Nov 8th 1866

To day I commence to keep a journal of transfers.

There was a transfer made today, I went from the 2nd to the 7th in Geography and from the 2nd to the 5th in Grammar. The first transfer in the family I went to the 13th from which I have not moved since

November 5th transfer in Math put me up one section to the 12th

The 17th transfer I went from the 10th to the 11th sect from the boy I stood by

Nov 24 transfers I went down in math to the 12th stood still in Grammar & geog.

Dec 1st transfer went up in 12th section stood still in Ethics

Dec 6th took up algebra lesson from 116 to 123 I stand 10 in drawing 27 in penmanship

Dec 8th transfer in math - went down to 12th section in math. unsatisfactory.

[illegible]

[illegible] in Grammar

Reports of the Crane from Nov 8th
to February 1st 66.

Dates Nov 1st
" 3rd Crane tardy at roll call & drill — accepted
" 4th Crane absent exercise formation "Hall" - not accepted
5th " tardy at exercise formation "Kaler" accepted
" " " Evening roll call "Lefavor" accepted
" " " " Roll, Study formation" not accepted
" " Not reporting room from round House "Perkins" accepted
" " Overstaying time at " " " " " accepted
6th " Not going through manual properly "Belknap" accepted
" " Refusing to obey orders Lefavor
" " Tardy at the Hammock " not accepted
11th " Absent from Guard Arnold "accepted"
15th " Found from Fall Mountain Number accepted
" " Second roll call Lefavor not accepted
" " Talking among hammocks Lefavor " "
" " No jacket on drill Belknap accepted
" " raising hands on drill " " " "
" " No sidewalk on drill " " accepted
Dec 6th " leaving ranks on 1st Lefavor "accepted"
Dec 8th " Absent from Exercise "Carmody" accepted
" " " on Gundeck Night Nov 4th 3/4 grd
" " " " " " " " Nov 4th
" " Not keeping closed on Drill "Gilmore" accepted
Dec 10th " " " " " "

Monitor B.B.C.

Lefavor 3
Wilson D
Culver
Backus
Vargous
Gendin
Crane L.F.
Callum
Clark

$(ac - ax)^2 = x^2 b$

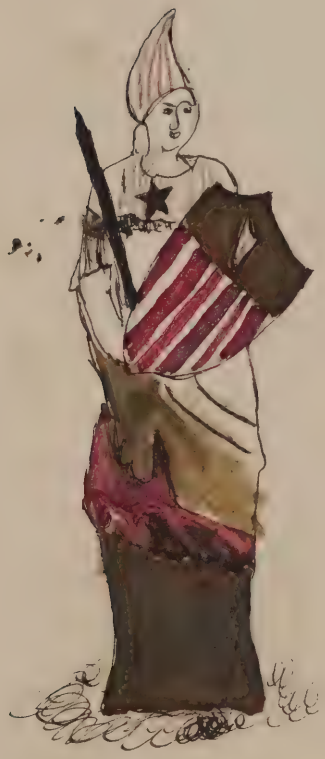
David Lynn

David Lynn

O1B out on first base
O2B = out on second base
O3B = " " third "
O4 = " " foul ball
O = " " home base

C'' A' C B C'

Ye Schoolboy

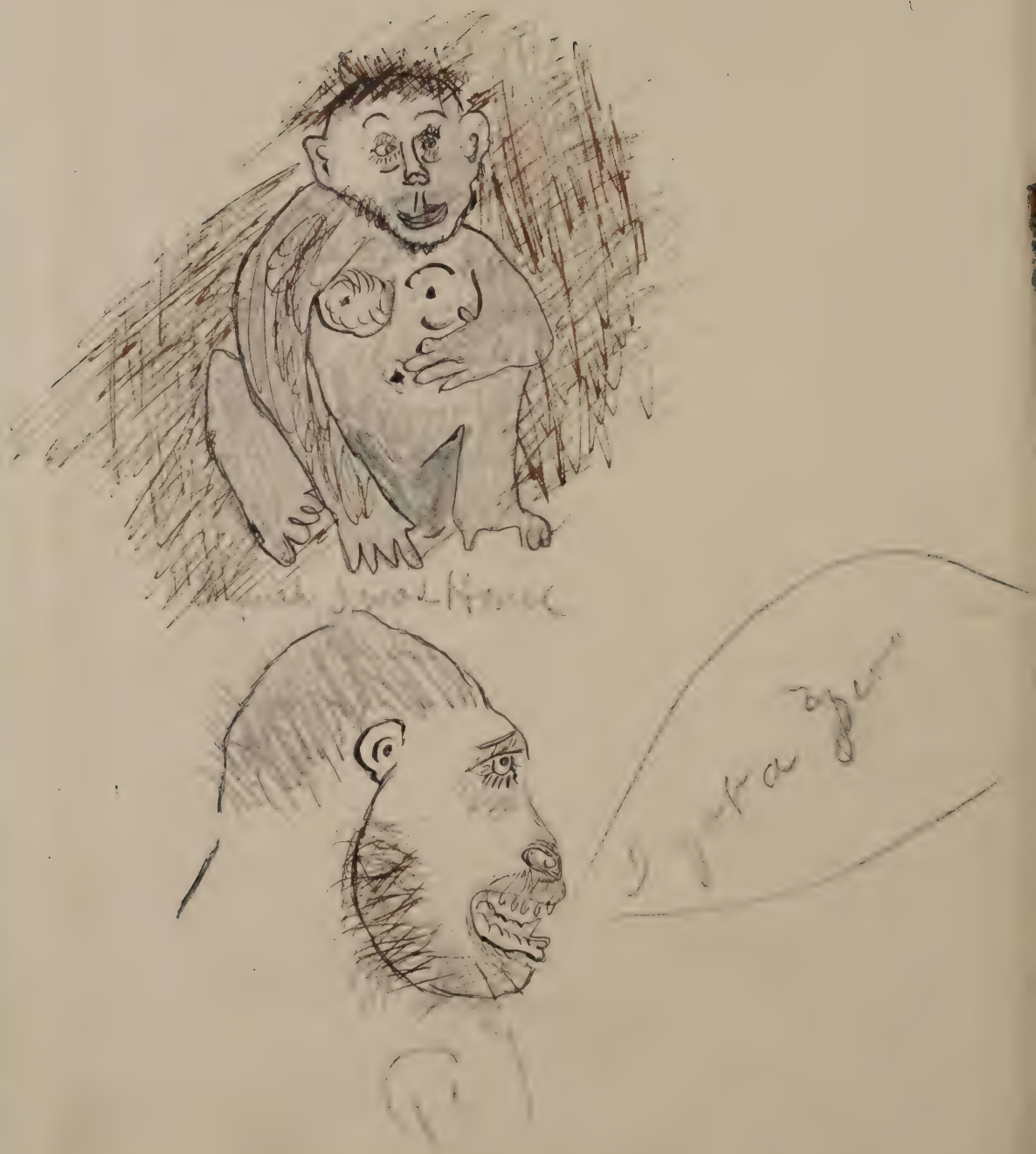


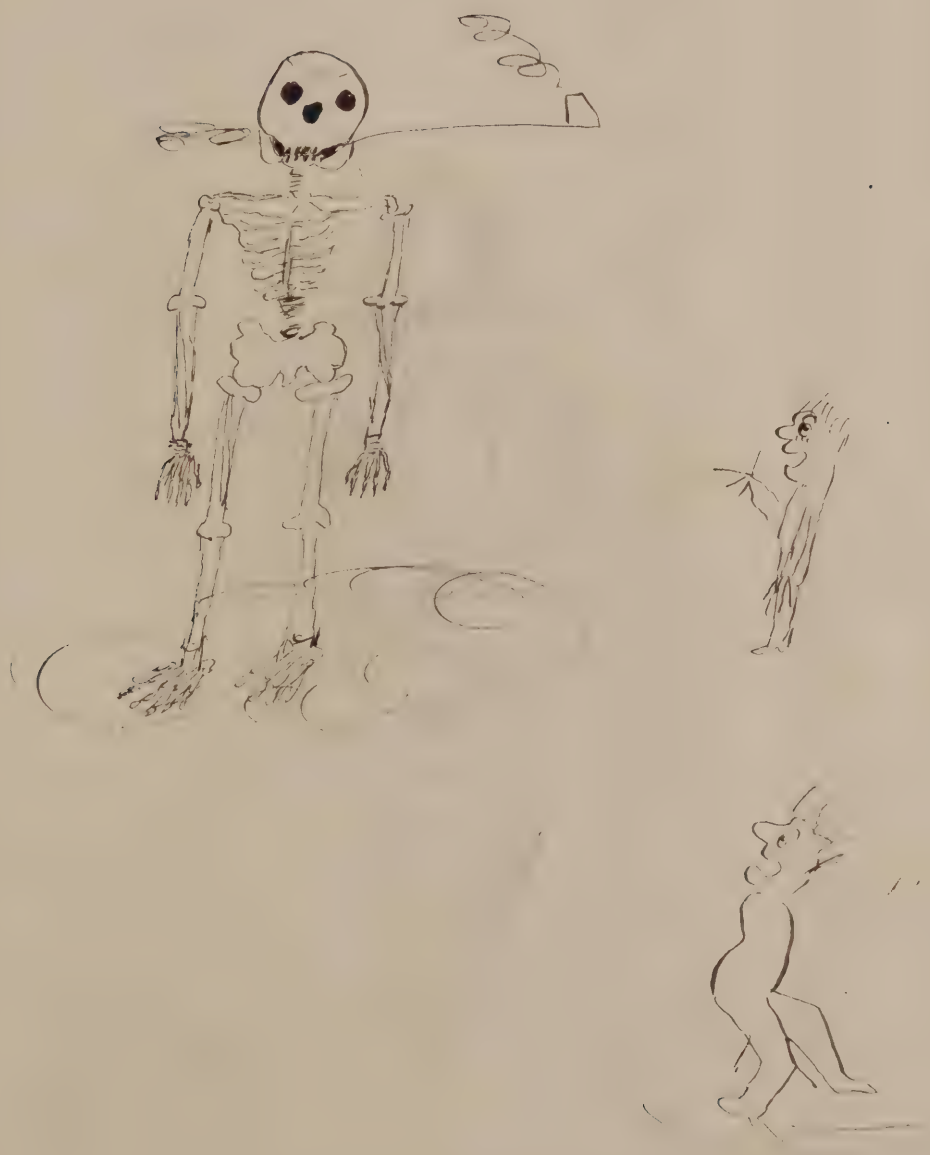
VE FENIAN.

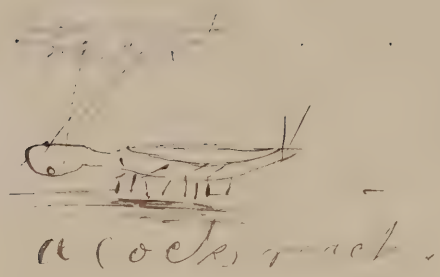
YEHAM PAT.

on a drunk

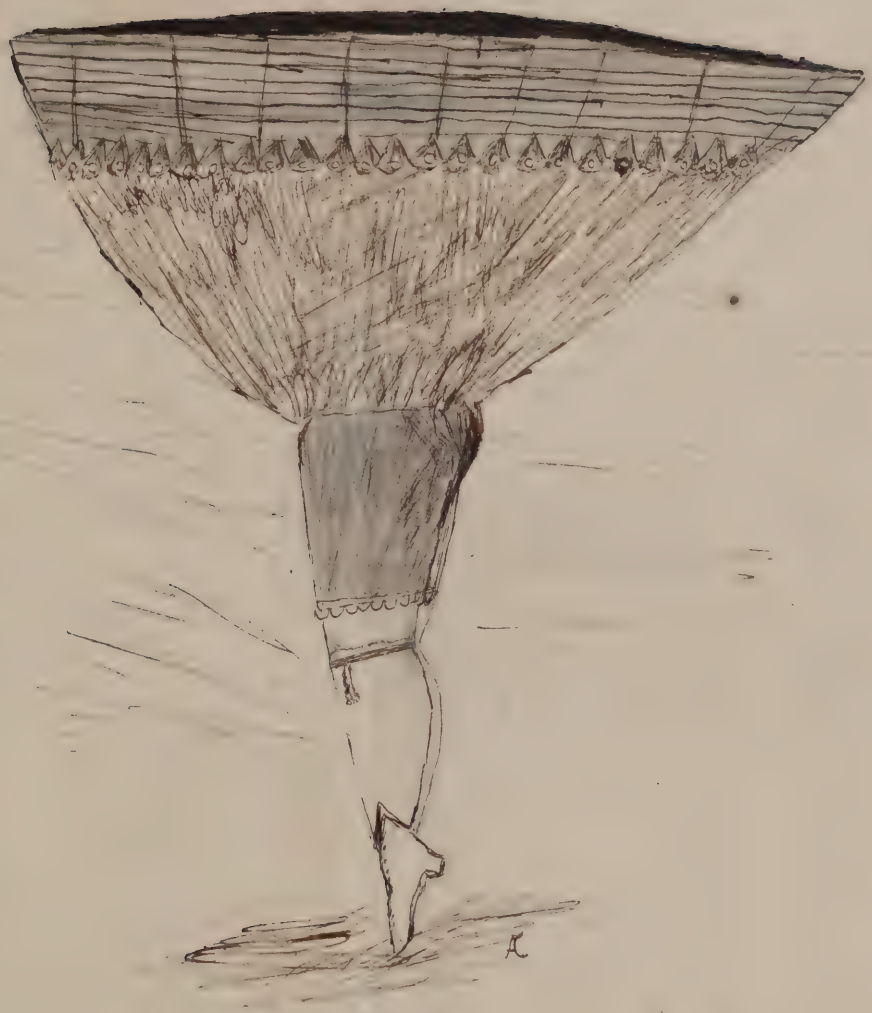
13 Cover



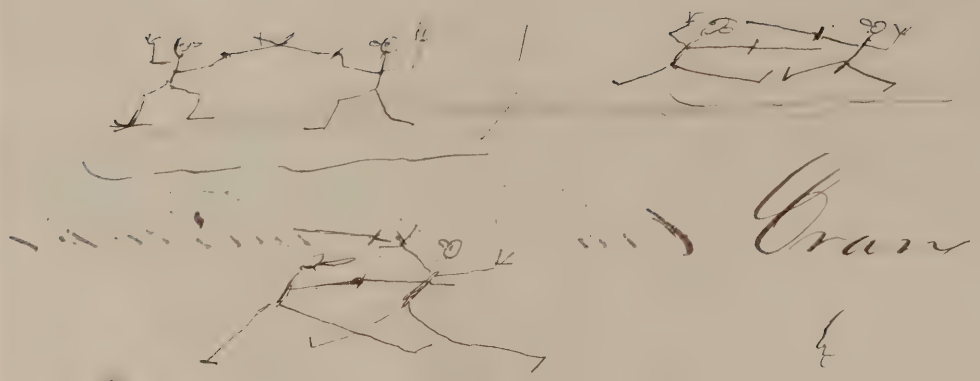


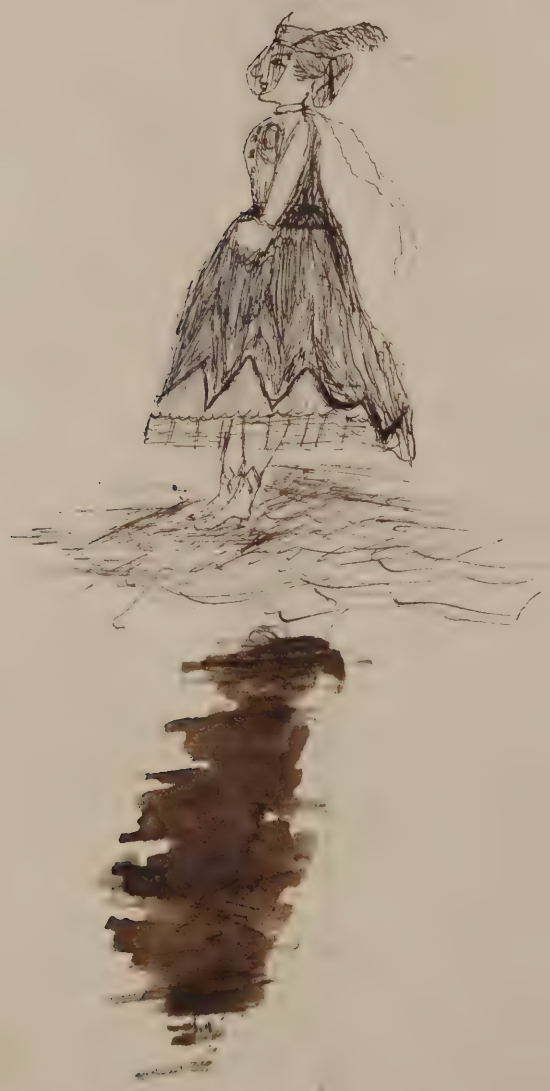

Cockroach.

Slumber
First night



An old wind blows no body good.


Oran



Crane by mistake

U. S. Constitution
Come and see me

Come and see me.

Come & see me

Lines written on my Thirty Sixth Birth Day.

"— My heart sickens
And weighs a fit fribebowing on my soul,
But it is calm — calm as the sullen sea after
After the hurricane; the winds are still
But the cold waves dash high and heavily
And there is danger in them — Such a rest
Is no repose. My life hath been a combat
And every thought a wound till I am scarce
In the immortal part of me."

Manfred Act III.

Too time my heart should be unmoved
Since others it has ceased to move.
Yet though I cannot be beloved
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf
The flowers and the fruit of life are gone
The worm, the canker and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle
No torch is kindled at its blaze —
A funeral pile

"The Middie and his buttons"

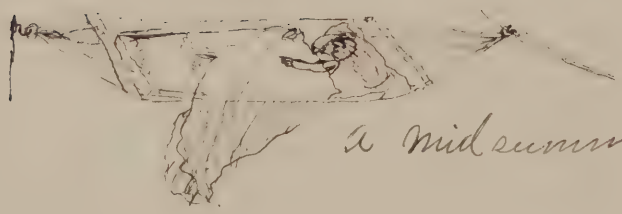
I heard the band playing.
Oh the music was so sweet—
And I ran to the window
As they came down the street—
I peeper through the blind
And the thought—made me giddy.
To gladden my eyes.
With the sight of a Middie.

Oh the anchors were so radient—
And the buttons were so bright—
My heart—beat quickly now.
When I think of the sight.—
And afar in a corner
Where no Captain could see
Was a sweet—little Middie
Throwing kisses at me.

But—he's gone from my sight—

Elliot Lawrence
Lee Betts
Hattie Tarbine
Hattie Strong Jubb
Era Scott
Clara Shaw
Percival Hamilton
Mrs. Lydia Hart
Mrs. Lydia Hamilton
Mrs. Carl Hall
Mrs. Lydia Strong
Geo. E. Hall
Fred. Hall
Mrs. E. Hamilton
" E. Hall
" E. Hall
" E. Hall

Stand by your hammocks



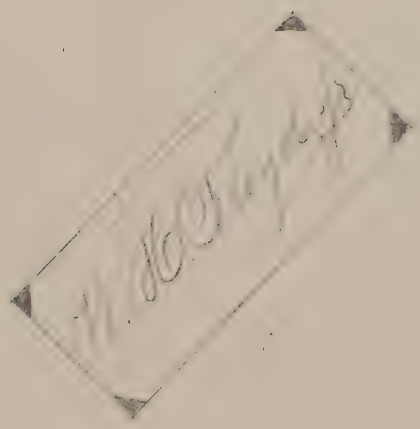
A Midsummers night dream

turned out by mistake

Autographs.

B. P. Smith. Lt. Comr. U.S.N.
R. R. Wallace Lt. Comdr.
E. T. Woodward. Lt. Comdr. U.S.N.

Autographs



First Nine of the Monitor Base Ball Club

16 Shepard St — J. Melvier

COMPLIMENTARY LETTERS.

From Rev. JUSTIN D. FULTON, D. D., noted divine of Brooklyn, N. Y.

255 CARLTON AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.,
DECEMBER 8th, 1876.

DEAR MR. LYON:—It gives me very great pleasure to give expression to the satisfaction experienced while listening to your readings and recitations. In my opinion you possess rare qualifications to interest public assemblies. I have heard Vandenhoff, Burbank, Murdock, Miss Cushman and many more, and I confess to having been stirred by your recitation of "The Maniac," as I never have been stirred before. I am not unmindful of the difficulties before a Public Reader, but I hope you will press on assured in the words of Daniel Webster, "There is abundance of room higher up." Yours in Love,

JUSTIN D. FULTON.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., April 26th, 1877.

GEO. LYON, JR., ESQ., St. Joseph, Mo.,

MY DEAR SIR.—It is with real pleasure to be enabled to testify to the highly artistic rendering of your dramatic readings and personations; your full, sonorous yet musical voice, together with the intelligent conception of the characters you have been pleased to present before me, will at no time fail to elicit the approbation and applause of any audience you may choose to favor with your elocutionary entertainment.

JULIUS CRONE.
Agent Tootle's Opera House.

GEO. LYON, JR.—*Dear Sir:*—Allow me to thank you for the enjoyable entertainment you gave us in the Opera House of this city. I have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Carleton recite some of his own pieces, and in my opinion you excel him with his own productions.

I consider your reading and recitations very near perfection. I think I am able to judge in the matter, having spent much time in the study of elocution. I wish you much success. Yours very truly,

A. ROGERS,
Pastor Congregational Church.

GLENWOOD, IA., March 20, 1878.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., May 2nd, 1877.

I have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. George Lyon, Jr. read on several occasions, and have been most favorably impressed with his ability. Possessed by nature of rare elocutionary endowments, he has developed and cultivated them by that judicious training and practice which brings artistic success. I have listened to many professional elocutionists, but have heard few more successful in the unaffected expression of humor, sentiment and passion. He is singularly happy in his faculty of entertaining an audience, and no lover of good reading should miss an opportunity of hearing him.

JOHN S. CROSBY,
Principal St. Joseph High School

ST. JOSEPH, MO., May 26th, 1877.

It has been my good fortune to hear Mr. George Lyon, Jr., read in public on several occasions, and the oftener I hear him the more is my first impression strengthened of his fine abilities as a public reader. For one so young, his power to interest an audience is wonderful. Whether his selections are of the humorous, the pathetic or the tragic, he is alike successful in carrying with him the sympathy and interest of all who love good reading. His rendition of "The Maniac," I have never heard equalled. He has the ability to please and interest any audience, however cultured and critical.

EDWARD B. NEELY.
Superintendent Public Schools.

PRESS NOTICES.

A very select and appreciative audience assembled Thursday Evening, at the Conservatory of Music, to listen to the Readings by Geo. Lyon, Jr. Though the programme comprised some old pieces, they were yet rendered with such life and vigor as to make one forget he had ever heard them before Mr Lyon is a true artist, and never fails of a just and original conception of the spirit of the piece. The selections covered a large range of sentiment and passion In his comic delineations he is inimitable; now bringing you into sympathy with the unfortunate rustic in his first attempt at declamation, now making you laugh in spite of yourself at the laughable rendering of "Casibianca" Mr. Lyon's voice is wonderfully sympathetic and elastic, and capable of deep pathos. His rendering of The Bells was beyond criticism, the clearness and richness of his voice here fully revealing itself One of the greatest efforts of this gentleman is that of his facial expression, and in "Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question," and in the "New Church Organ," this power was well exhibited The readings were highly enjoyed, and we hope to have an opportunity to listen to this gentleman again.—*Cambridge (Mass.) Chronicle.*

The Readings given at the Conservatory of Music on March 4th, by Mr Geo. Lyon, Jr., may be considered a decided success. The programme for the evening was of unusual length, replete with excellent selections, all of which were well delivered and much appreciated by the audience. Among the selections were Tennyson's Lady Clare, Poe's Bells, The Maniac, Little Jim, and others. His delivery of Tennyson's Lady Clare was excellent, and served well to illustrate his powers in that style of reading. Poe's Bells, however, was by all odds his best delivered and most appreciated selection His manner of imitating the sound of Bells was strikingly original and natural in its effect, and his delivery of the piece as a whole can hardly be too highly praised. In the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius, Mr. Lyon was assisted by Mr. C. H. Kloman. This selection received an encore.—*The Magenta, Harvard University.*

Mr. Lyon's Readings at the Conservatory of Music last evening was a very pleasing affair. Mr. Lyon has already acquired considerable reputation as a reader in and around Cambridge, and last night he appeared to advantage, equalling his appearance on former occasions. His ability of assimilation to his pieces render him a very pleasing performer. He seems to have the true conception of things, and his entire self thrown into his work, plainly shows that his artistic abilities are of the highest order. His rendition of "The Bells" and "Little Jim" produced the desired effect, while "The Smack in School" and "Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question," gave an opportunity for the display of his facial expressions, which are seldom surpassed by an amateur performer.—*Cambridge (Mass.) Press.*

The *Boston Globe* says: "Storms never seem to affect the attendance at the entertainments provided by the Young Men's Christian Union. The hall was crowded to overflowing last evening, when Mr. Geo. Lyon, Jr., the favorite reader, and others appeared in a well chosen programme. Mr. Lyon, whose efforts never fail to meet with appreciation, was unusually successful in his recitations on this occasion."

The members of the Y. M. C. Union enjoyed another rare entertainment given at their hall, 300 Washington street, last evening. The Readings introduced Mr. Geo. Lyon, Jr., a student of Harvard College. The Bells of Shandon gave room for his full, finely modulated voice. His articulation is particularly accurate. He appeared to much better advantage in this selection than in his attempt at humor, though in "A Kiss in School" he showed that he had power in that direction. The hall was more than filled, and all were delighted.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

There was a very pleasant entertainment in Young Men's Christian Union Hall last evening. * * The Readings introduced Mr. Geo. Lyon, Jr., a student of Harvard, who read "The Bells of Shandon" very finely, and gave several other selections. The attendance was very large.—*Boston Journal.*

Mr. George Lyon, Jr. gave his second readings at the M. E. Church last Saturday evening, to a crowded house with nearly an entire change of programme. If possible, Mr. Lyon did better on this, than the former occasion.

"The Bells" was beyond criticism, and to our mind was the best delivered, although all were rendered in superb style. Mr. Lyon can depend upon a good audience whenever he may desire to recite in this city.—*Falls City Neb., Press, June 21, 1877.*